Slen. I'faith, ile eate nothing, I thanke you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you Sir walke in.

Slen. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*, you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Slen. That's meate and drinke to me now; I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine, but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt. But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on Sir.

Slen. Miſtriſe *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Slen. Truely I will not goe firſt, truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Slen. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome, you do your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Euan. Go your wayes, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which

which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Euan. Nay, it is petter yet; giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*. I pray you bee gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*, I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Ceſar, Keiſer* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*; he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap; ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.)

Ho. I haue ſpoke, let him follow, let me ſee thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him; a *Tapſter* is a good trade, an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin, a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter; goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd, I will thriue.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Ni. He was gotten in drinke, is not the humor conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox, his Theſts were too open, his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.